

thus is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day; a most lovely Gentleman-like man, therefore you must needs play *Piramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawne beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French Crownes haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take paines, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings. *Exeunt*

A Thus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Over hil, ouer dale, through bush, through briar, Over parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire, I do wander euerie where, swifter then γ Moons sphere; And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the The Cowslips tall, her personers bee, (green) In their gold coats, spots you see, Those be Rubies, Fairie fauours, In those freckles, liue their fauours, I must go seeke some dew drops heere, And hang a pearle in euerie cowslips eare. Farewell thou Lob of spirits, he be gon, Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night, Take heed the Queene come not within his sight, For Oberon is pasing fell and wrath, Because that she, as her attendant, hath A lovely boy stolne from an Indian King, She neuer had so sweet a changeling, And ielous Oberon would haue the childe Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde. But she (perforce) with-holds the loued boy, Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy. And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene, By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene, But they do square, that all their Elues for feare Creep into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Eit'ner I mistake your shape and making quite, Or else you are that shrew'd and knauish spirit Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee, That frights the maidens of the Villagere, Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne, And bootlesse make the breathlesse hufwife cherne, And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harme, Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke, You do their worke, and they shall haue good lucke. Are not you hee?

Rob. Thou speakest aright; I am that merrie wanderer of the night: I iest to Oberon, and make him smile, When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile, Neighing in likeness of a filly foale, And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole, In very likeness of a roasted crab:

And when she drinks, against her lips I bob, And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale. The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale, Sometime for three-foot foole, mistaketh me, Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she, And tailour cries, and falls into a coffe. And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe, And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare, A merrier houre was neuer wasted there.

But roome Fairy, heere comes Oberon.

Fai. And heere my Mistris: Would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light, Proud *Tytania*.

Qu. What, ielous Oberon? Fairy skip hence. I haue forsworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarrish Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know When thou wast stolne away from Fairy Land, And in the shape of *Corin*, sat all day, Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue To amorous *Phyllida*. Why art thou heere Come from the farthest steeps of *India*? But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon* Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior loue, To *Theseus* must be Wedded; and you come, To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania*, Glance at my credite, vvith *Hippolita*? Knowing I know thy loue to *Theseus*? Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night From *Peregina*, whom he rauished? And make him vvith faire Eagles breake his faith With *Ariadne*, and *Asiopa*?

Qu. These are the forgeries of ielousie, And neuer since the middle Summers spring Mett we on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead, By pained fountaine, or by russhie brooke, Or in the beached margent of the sea, To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde, But vvith thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport. Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine, As in reuenge, haue suck'd vp from the sea Conragious fogges: Which falling in the Land, Hath euerie petty Riuer made so proud, That they haue ouer-borne their Continents. The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vaine, The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Come Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard: The fold stands empty in the drowned field, And Crows are fatted vvith the murrion flocke,

The nine mens Morris is fill'd vp with mud, And the quaint Mazes in the wanton greene, For lacke of tread are vndistinguishable. The humane mortals want their winter heere, No night is now with hymne or caroll blest; Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods) Pale in her anger, washes all the aire; That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound. And through this distemperature, we see The seasons alter; hoared headed frosts Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose, And on old *Hyems* chinne and Ice crowne, An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds! Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer, The chiding Autumne, angry Winter change Their wonted Lueries, and the mazed world, By their increale, now knows not which is which; And this same progeny of euills, Comes from our debate, from our diffention, We are their parents and originall.

Ob. Do you amend it then; it lies in you, Why should *Tytania* crosse her Oberon? I do but beg a little changeling boy, To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at rest, The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me, His mother was a Votresse of my Order, And in the spiced Indian aire, by night Full often hath she gossipt by my side, And sat with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands, Marking the embarked traders on the flood, When we haue laugh't to see the sailes conceiue, And grow big bellied with the wanton winde: Which she with pretty and with swimming gate, Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire) Would imitate, and saile vpon the Land, To fetch me trifles, and returne againe, As from a voyage, rich with merchandize. But she being mortall, of that boy did die, And for her sake I doe reare vp her boy, And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Qu. Perchance till after *Theseus* wedding day. If you will patiently dance in our Round, And see our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs; If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Giue me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away: We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this groue, Till I torment thee for this injury. My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembrest Since once I sat vpon a promontory, And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe, Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath, That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song, And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheres, To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Puc. I remember.

Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not) Flying betwene the cold Moone and the earth, Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke At a faire Vestall, thrond by the West, And loos'd his loue-shaft smartly from his bow, As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts; But I might see young *Cupid*'s fiery shaft

Quench't in the chaste beam. And the imperiall Votresse In maiden meditation, fancie Yet markt I where the bolt It fell vpon a little westerner: Before, milke-white; now p And maidens call it, Loue Fetch me that flower; the h The iuyce of it, on sleeping Will make or man or woma Vpon the next liue creature Fetch me this hearbe, and be Ere the *Leuiathan* can swim

Pucke. Ile put a girdle ab nutes.

Ober. Haueing once this Ile watch *Tytania*, when she And drop the liquor of it in The next thing when she wa (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or W On meddling Monkey, or on Shee shall pursue it, with the And ere I take this charme of (As I can take it with anothe Ile make her render vp her P But who comes heere? I am And I will euer-heare their

Enter *Demetrius*, *Helena*

Deme. I loue thee not, th Where is *Lysander*, and faire The one Ile stay, the other st Thou toldst me they were st And heere am I, and wood v Because I cannot meet my H Hence, get thee gone, and fol

Hel. You draw me, you h But yet you draw not iron, Is true as Steele. Leauce you y And I shall haue no power to

Deme. Do I entice you? Or rather doe I not in plaine Tell you I doe not, nor I can

Hel. And enen for that d I am your spaniell, and *Deme* The more you beat me, I wil Vse me but as your spaniell; Neglect me, lofe me; onely (Vnworthy as I am) to follow What worse place can I beg (And yet a place of high resp Then to be vsed as you doe

Deme. Tempt not too mu For I am sicke when I do loo

Hel. And I am sicke when

Deme. You doe impeach y To leaue the Citie, and com Into the hands of one that lo To trust the opportunity of And the ill counsell of a dese With the rich worth of you

Hel. Your vertue is my It is not night when I doe se Therefore I thinke I am not Nor doth this wood lacke v